

The Surprizd Shepherdes;

The Shepherdes she sleeping lay, But Strephon came along that way,
Thinking no Shepherd nigh, And did her napping spye.

The Tune is, *Moggies Jealousie*



There was an a bonny young Lads,
that lay in the Meadow asleep,
a Shepherd close by her did pass,
who went for to fold up his Sheep,
And turning his eye round about
this Damosel he chanc'd to behold,
He straightway resolv'd to go to't,
and forgot both his sheep and his fold.
This Lass she lay sleeping most soundly,
and seem'd not at all for to wake,
The Shepherd he kiss her so roundly
his back it began for to ake :

He laid himself down for to rest him,
this Damosel so brisk and so bold
She wak'd and a thousand times blest him,
that forgot both his sheep and his fold.
Quoth she I will gang along with thee,
in weal or in woe for to dwell,
I'll ever be faithful unto thee,
because thou hast pleas'd me so well :
Then doubt not the truth of my story,
my mind for to speak I am bold,
For in thy sweet sight I do gize,
I will help thee thy sheep for to fold.



The Shepherd he wishly did view her,
as she told her amorous tale,
Which pleasure to him did procure,
her eyes over him did prebail:
Quoth he, my dear heart, don't deny me,
for with thee I mean to be bold,
Then once again lye thee down by me,
I mind not my sheep nor my fold.

This Damosel she quickly consented,
and down by the shepherd did lye,
They both were extreamly contented,
she turn'd up the white of her eye:
When the Shepherd was tired with pleasure
her arms she about him did fold,
I love thee quoth she, beyond measure,
then mind not thy sheep nor thy fold.

I never will leave nor forsake thee,
but travel o're Mountains and Rocks,
My love and my darling I'll make thee,
and help thee to look to thy flocks:
We'll love and we'll still lye together,
though Winter prove never so cold,
I never will matter the weather,
come prethee lets hast to thy fold.

So thus they away trudging together,
and passed the Hills and the Dales,
She wond'ed she could not tell whether,
and told him such amorous tales:



The shepherd with her was well pleased,
though she had no Silver nor Gold,
He joy'd that upon her he seized,
as he was a going to fold.

At last all their business was ended,
they lovingly folded their sheep,
And under the shade they intended,
to lay them selves down for to sleep:
But the Shepherd he cover'd her close
to keep his poor love from the cold,
And what they did you may suppose,
for they minded no sheep nor the fold.

And thus in the green silent Meadows,
they took up their lodging that time,
And greatly she pity'd those widows,
that lost their true Loves in their prime:
Quoth she if my Shepherd should leave me,
my spirits would quickly grow cold,
But I think thou wilt never deceive me,
that help'd thee thy sheep for to fold.

You Loves that tumble in blisses,
come tell me the truth if you can,
Is any thing like to the kisses,
that comes from a harmeless young-man
No no I will never believe,
though a thousand times I have been told
That men are so apt to deceive,
O'tis a pleasure our sheep for to fold.